

## The Intelligencer.

Office: Nos. 25 and 27 Fourteenth Street.

If we are not to have any spring this year, why didn't the weather prophets say so?

TRADE reports for the week just closed are of a more encouraging tone. General improvement is noted at the large trading centers, and crop prospects are reported good.

It is in bad taste to fix hard names at Mr. Henry S. Walker. He is merely an exaggerated type of the political dupe, a kind of second cousin to the dodo of pre-historic times.

The Crown may convict an assassin, or a dozen assassins, and hang them all; but it will not restore peace in Ireland. No government can hang a whole people, and that is very nearly the size of the revolt.

The coal kings of Pittsburgh are blossoming into the pirates of the Upper Ohio. They dart into a Wheeling steamboat and then see her damaged! What damages would they have asked if they had sunk the St. Lawrence.

SENATOR COKE, of Texas, exhorts his Democratic friends to stand by the principles of the Democratic party. They tell a story of an unsteady individual who leaned against the shadow of a lamp post and was picked up by the police for being drunk and disorderly.

OUR enterprising fellow-citizen, Mr. James M. Mason, is said to be or to have been recently in Richmond working up his case against the State of West Virginia—just as though a Supreme Court decision had not knocked out of his debt case the little bone that was in it. It is one of Mr. Mason's peculiarities that he does not know when he is hit.

SENATOR SHERMAN's refusal to entertain an invitation to tramp the gubernatorial tank in Ohio is another evidence of a long and level head. There are enough good and strong Republicans in Ohio to choose a candidate from. Mr. Sherman is needed where he is for the present. It may be that the party will cut out other work for him further on, but that is a different matter.

"BROADBENT'S" reports for the past week 153 failures, 37 less than the preceding week, and 42 more than the corresponding week of last year. As compared with the week before the largest decrease was in the New England, Pacific and Middle States in the order named, the only increase in the Southern States. West Virginia records two failures, one in Wheeling and one in Charleston.

It may be remembered that Mr. Henry S. Walker recently fell back into the Democratic party, and that about went up from the hosts of the faithful because in Mr. Walker's proper person it was believed that the whole Greenback party of West Virginia was centered. There remain Greenbackers who prefer to do their own thing, and the State Standard, of Parkersburg, is one of them, as witness this: "We are afraid that just about the time that our erring brother"—that's Henry S.—"is about to climb the golden stairs of his political ambition the Democratic party will have been laid away, and Henry left in the whirlpool of its descent to political perdition." It wouldn't be surprising if it were very much that way in the Third District, where Mr. Walker is now engaged in the difficult task of bolstering up the declining Bourbon party with what remains of the Greenback organization. It was very beautiful to see Mr. Walker displaying his line of samples and taking the order; and it is painful to see with what promptness he is unable to deliver the goods. Men don't like to have it said in public that they are sheep to be driven or asses to be burdened.

THEY were having a Confederate reunion at New Orleans, and Mr. Jefferson Davis emerged from his retirement long enough to raise his voice for the cause which by sensible men who espoused it is conceded to be lost forever. Mr. Davis said: "I am pleased to see the representatives of the Army of Virginia united with those of the Army of the Tennessee to do honor not only to the cause of the past, but of the future. How are these associations to be preserved? The time must come when the members of the Army of the Tennessee and the Army of Virginia shall pass from the earth. Is there any obstacle to introducing into these organizations the sons of those who were true to the cause of truth eternal, which I trust will yet prevail?"

The "canoe not of the past, but of the future!" Of course Mr. Davis was talking nonsense—the cause of the future as of the present is the Union; however Americans divide on party lines, and espouse party principles, they are agreed on this. There is no party of disunion in America today. Of all the men who fought the battle of the Confederacy, it is doubtful whether a regiment could be raised under the old banner to make war on the country which Americans everywhere are now proud to call their own. We do not believe that Mr. Davis speaks for any element of the Southern people respectable in character or in numbers. But his is a bad kind of talk for the young men of the South to listen to. If the cause which he continues to champion were not dead as well as lost he might develop into a breeder of mischief. Happily the seed he sows falls on barren ground. The South is busy and making money. Days of untold prosperity are before her. For two generations the Union has not been so strong as now. The sections never were so closely knit together. Easy and cheap communication, the growth of manufacturing in the South, Northern capital giving employment to Southern hands and increased value to Southern lands—these conditions have strengthened and will make stronger the bonds which unite remote communities in an indissoluble union of interest and government. Men who hold the welfare of the Southern people above their own vanity do not talk as Mr. Davis talks.

## KANAWHA'S COAL.

## THE GREAT APPALACHIAN FIELD.

Magical Awakening of a Great West Virginia Industry—Work and Wages for Ten Thousand Men—The Past, the Present and the Future of a Rich Region.

From the Editor of the Intelligencer.

CHARGE, KANAWHA, April 6.

If I could place this whole valley before the camera and group in one great picture the natural wealth, the fast developing industry, the busy men who are earning a livelihood from these hills, a great river flowing commerce-laden to the Ohio, a railroad of vast and increasing coal traffic—here you would have some idea of the Kanawha valley's wonderful life. What its future is to be who can foretell! The stride from the recent past to the present is like a dream—as though the hills had burst open in a night and ten thousand people had come between sunset and sunrise to dig and send to market the black diamonds of Kanawha. A well informed gentleman who has grown up with and been a part of the development of this valley made an estimate, at my request, of the number of persons employed in mining and marketing coal in this valley, and the figures were as follows: This estimate I have submitted to others, and no one has thought it excessive. Of course I have not taken the census, and give the estimate for what it may be worth, but judging from such a large number and heard the number is not inflated.

And the development goes on. Prospects are numerous, lands rich in coal and as yet untouched are coming into market and changing hands or being leased to work. Prices vary according to location, thickness of seams and quality of coal, ranging from \$10 to \$20 an acre with in comparatively easy reach of navigation and the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad. More remote tracts may be had from \$25 to \$50. The best coal property may be leased for half a cent a bushel royalty, at which rate a good property will yield the lessee about \$500 an acre. Some of these lands are not for sale, and must be leased or worked at, and many operators would rather lease than buy. The timber rights are probably the most valuable of the considerable items, seeing that great quantities of timber are required in coal mining. It is claimed for this region that coal is nowhere mined to better advantage. And this may well be so.

THE RICHEST OF ALL COAL FIELDS. Of the great Appalachian coal field, reaching from Northern Pennsylvania to middle Alabama, embracing an area of nearly 50,000 square miles, the finest in the world, West Virginia possesses a greater share than any other State; and, so far as development has gone and indications show, this is the heart of the coal field of West Virginia. Anthracite alone excepted, coals of all varieties are found here—canal, splint, bituminous of every kind, in seams of unequal thickness and extent. Some of these hills contain an aggregate of from 20 to 50 feet of coal in seams from 2 to 11 feet in thickness, all above the water level, and in the back hills are seams of greater thickness. After nature had set down this great basin of coal she did another highly meritorious thing—turned loose countless swift-running streams to cut the hills apart, and the precipitous descent might peep out and reveal its presence to the enterprising prospector who came after the early wayfarer man who saw in coal only black stone without value. These rifts through the mountains are the natural shafts. The miner needs no other. They place him face to face with his work. He makes his opening in the face of the mountain, drives his entry and begins to bring out his booty.

What a change has come over the valley since the war! The Kanawha coal trade may be said to have been born, for previous to that time it was but an experiment on a small scale. The railroad came, and new life came with it. The Government of the United States stepped in by invitation, and no one who looks on this majestic stream running broad and deep to the Ohio will regret that a "paternal government" has cleared the track and opened an easy and cheap highway to the West and South. Navigation from the river to the Ohio, and the Ohio to the Gulf, is said to be always open, the contrary being of rare occurrence. Follow the Kanawha to the Ohio, the Ohio to the Mississippi, thence to the Gulf—how vast and populous a territory is opened to the coasts of Kanawha, without breaking bulk or taking to the railroad. Unimproved the Kanawha was merely a beautiful river, tumbling over rocks and shoals. Money and skill have given it a trunk line importance, and there are no toll takers to impede its progress. Two years ago two towboats sufficed for all the business, and these were used mainly for towing back "empties," the barges in front being run by hand to Point Pleasant and on from there to Cincinnati. Coal was shipped to Cincinnati, and a canal operation thirty miles up Coal River, but I do not learn that it made a marked impression on the river traffic. Eight hundred tons of coal were shipped daily. There were four packets of salt daily. The salt business, if not dead, is in a state of suspended animation. Today but one furnace is in operation, so that nearly the whole of the considerable shipping trade is gone.

A GROWING TRAFFIC. But now fifteen towboats find employment on the Kanawha, besides several whose business comes out of the Kanawha but begins on the Ohio at Point Pleasant. The Gallipolis packets remain; there is one less to Cincinnati, but four steamers find good business between Charleston and the Upper Kanawha where formerly there was no business to be done. By water alone five thousand tons of Kanawha coals go to market daily when all the river mines are in operation. I can not tell you how much coal is shipped by rail; that information can be had, of course, at the company's headquarters. I can only say that there is already business enough for a double track road, which the company hopes to accomplish within two years, and to this end it is putting in long sidings. Day and night the coal trains are running, chiefly to the markets of the East.

This is what has come to pass in eighteen years. The greater part of the development is not ten years old, and one year shows a marvelous growth. The year 1883 is said to be the best yet. It is said that the production will be a vast increase in the production and population of the Kanawha valley.

C. H. H.

## RELICS OF LIND.

Eighteen Years Ago He Died—Mr. Peterson's Recollection of the Scene.

WASHINGTON, April 14.—Eighteen years ago to-night President Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, while sitting in a box at Ford's Theater, on Tenth street. Interesting and historical relics of that sad occasion are in the possession of Mr. F. Peterson, of this city, whose father lived in the house where the martyr President was carried. They are not less than the pillow cases upon which President Lincoln died and the counterpane of the bed. Mr. Peterson was then a lad of sixteen years of age, but remembers distinctly the most trivial details of the affair. The pillow cases were yellow and were cut out of them still shows plainly the blood stains which were made when President Lincoln's head first rested upon it. The other is the one upon which the President died, and is so badly stained that it is not fit to be shown.

What has become of the other relics which were in the room? asked the reporter of Mr. Peterson last night. "The bedstead," he answered, "upon which the President died was bought by Mr. Milken, the proprietor of the 'Milk and Honey' Hotel, who sold it, I believe, to a man in Syracuse, where, to the best of my knowledge it now is. There was also in the room a spindle-back rocking chair, upon which Secretary Welles sat during the last hours of the President's life. I do not know where that has gone to, nor do I keep track of the chairs and other furniture of the room. The sheets upon which the President lay were wrapped around his body when the latter was taken to be embalmed by the undertaker."

"Were you in the room, Mr. Peterson, when President Lincoln died?" "Yes, sir, I was an eye-witness of his death. I was sitting at the head of the bed, the physicians on one side of me and Secretary Welles on the other. I had been making myself generally useful during the evening, bringing bottles of hot water, which were placed upon the President's breast to keep up the circulation of blood. I had been up all night, and when the fatal Saturday morning dawned, I was pretty well tired out. I had awakened from a doze, and asked Dr. Stone what time it was, when we both looked at the President, and found that he was at that moment dying. There was at 7:20 on the morning of Saturday, April 14, 1865."

THE RELICS MENTIONED HAVE NEVER BEEN OUT OF THE POSSESSION OF MR. PETERSON'S FAMILY.

SPRING ZEPHYRUS.

A Terrible Tornado Visits Arkansas—The Force of the Wind.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 14.—An Ozark special to the Gazette says: At near 11 this morning a disastrous tornado struck White Oak Station, on the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railway, ten miles west of this town. The wind blew from the southwest, and its force is beyond the power of description. The side of the mountain, which before the storm were covered with trees, now stood none standing, even oaks being snapped in twain like pipe-stems. After that came hail, and lasted till the ground was covered with ice. Many stones were nearly as large as hen's eggs.

F. H. Kiser, postmaster, lost his store and residence, and probably most of his property. Three hundred dollars in currency was also scattered to the winds, eighty-nine dollars being found. He was seriously injured about the spine. L. R. H. Wallace's residence, stable and store, occupied by J. E. C. C. were leveled, as were also the residences of J. C. McMurray, and all others at that place.

The storm averaged three miles in width. It came from south of the river, at a point near White Oak. The telegraph wire between the station and the river was broken, and the telegraph wire between the station and the river was broken, and the telegraph wire between the station and the river was broken.

A large number of prominent Democrats said that he had digged his own grave, fallen into it, and covered himself up so deep that even if Old Hickory should rise and lead his army, he would not be able to get out. Mr. Harrison said he would not be able to get out.

Mr. Harrison said to-day that he did not regret a single utterance of the night before, and that he would not be able to get out. Mr. Harrison said he would not be able to get out.

It has been rumored that measures will be taken to express the disapproval of the Irons Club of Mayor Harrison's speech, but the leading Democrats are trying to hush the matter up, and are congratulating themselves that no complete report of the speech is extant. Some of the Irish, however, claim that Harrison showed true pluck and loyalty to Irish interests by opposing a free trade plank.

The scene at the banquet during the delivery of Harrison's speech was one long to be remembered. He strode up and behind the table, and waxed the warmer the more he perceived that his remarks would not be received with favor. Senator Bayard leaned over and covered his face with his hands. Hurlbut, of the World, looked amused, then anxious, and finally lost his composure, and conversed in a fitful spirit with his neighbors. As soon as Harrison concluded, the President's pavilion fell. Harrison went his way, alone and unattended, save by Controller Gurley. The speakers and prominent men went out the rear door.

Two Treasury Clerks Settle One According to Rules of the Prize Ring.

WASHINGTON, April 14.—An affair of honor was settled in the White Lot, the reservation immediately south of the Executive Mansion, yesterday afternoon, in true pugilistic style. It appears that a clerk in one of the Bureaus of the Treasury Department some days since insulted another clerk. Friends interfered to have the difficulty settled by an apology, but the aggrieved party demanded that a meeting should take place. Fifty or twenty men were spoken of, but friends arranged that the affair should be settled according to the rules laid down by the Marquis of Queensberry, a thin, hard body being used.

At 1:30 yesterday afternoon six well-dressed young men entered the White Lot, and walked over to the southwestern corner, where the shrubbery and trees cut them off from the observation of passersby. Both men stripped to their undershirts and trousers, and at 4:45 time they began to box. The men began pummeling each other in a lively manner. Both were adepts in the manly art, and they gave and took rather fiercely. Five rounds were fought, when they clinched and began a rough-and-tumble fight. They were warned that they were both violating the rules in a shocking manner, but they both seemed to enjoy it, and persisted. After fifteen minutes of this sort of work the friends of the challenging party argued with the friends of the challenged party that the challenged party had fouled by biting the cheek of the other, and the bout was called to pass upon it. They insisted that the men should be separated. In two minutes, however, the fight was renewed, and after fighting three minutes more, one of them received such a terrible blow on the ear that he was unable to take any further interest in the proceedings. The winner was ordered to dress, and after the defeated party recovered, they left in the men's three coaches. Both were at their desks to-day as usual, though one bore the marks of the contest very plainly. By mutual consent, it was agreed that nothing should be said about the affair.

## A DEMOCRATIC FEAST.

SADLY MARRIED BY MAYOR HARRISON.

OF Chicago—After Feasting on Free Trade All Evening He Tosses Off the Banquet by Serving Up a Dish of Tariff Soap, Creating Great Consternation in the Bourbon Banks.

CHICAGO, April 14.—A sensation was created at the Irons Club banquet, at an early hour, too late for the morning papers to catch, by Mayor Carter H. Harrison. He was down on the programme opposite the toast, "Public Offices a Public Trust." He was at the end of the table, and was not reached until 1:30 o'clock A. M. Senator Bayard had spoken, so had W. H. Hurlbut, of New York; Congressman Bill Springer, of Illinois; and a Wisconsin and a half dozen other leaders, and all had devoted themselves to showing that the safety of the Democratic party depended upon its coming out fearlessly for free trade, and against the "greatest monopoly of day-protection."

Mayor Harrison discarded altogether the sentiment to which he had been assigned, and devoted an hour to combating the position taken by all the other speakers. "I say to-day," said Harrison, "you may make your tariff for revenue a plank in your next resolutions, and you will split the Democratic party. Free trade was Democracy once; free trade was not Democracy at another time. Free trade is a Democracy today, in part of Indiana they tell you there give us protection to home industry, and Mr. Hurlbut himself says a tariff for revenue brings incidentally protection. Why talk of it then? You may win on a free doctrine or principle of tariff, but when the country is oppressed and suffering, when the finances are in a bad condition; when labor is not winning a proper reward; but you cannot bring a change of that sort when a country is prosperous. You cannot change a policy of protection which is fixed in the minds of the people when the people have living wages and are working every day for these wages."

NOT A BIT IN THE MIND. There was at once a panic among the score or more of distinguished guests seated at the head of the room. Bayard scowled and moved from the table. Hon. Thomas Hoynes turned square around, and with his back toward Harrison, expressed disapprobation by continually shaking his head. Hurlbut and Everett Wheeler, of New York, who had moved the assembly to a great pitch of enthusiasm by their orations in favor of free trade, looked dazed. Vials carried on an ancient trolley were sent to the speaker. There were marks of disapprobation among all the club men. Not a syllable of applause was vouchsafed.

As Harrison said these signs he grew more vehement, paced up and down behind the long table, shook his finger with his left hand, and with his right hand waved his arms over Bill Springer's head. When he had finished his harangue, without a minute's delay the assembly was dismissed, and the Club and its guests withdrew, boiling over with wrath to the reception hall.

Harrison was not congratulated, but was allowed to move off alone. The main doctrine enunciated in the declaration of principles of the Irons Club is "A tariff for revenue only."

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## WYOMING COUNTY.

Her Wealth in Timber and Coal—A Land Grabbing Ring.

Correspondence of the Intelligencer.

OCEANA, WYOMING, CO., W. VA., April 11.

In Wyoming the trees and flowers are a week or two behind the opening buds of the Kanawha and Ohio valleys. Not so the people—the sturdy stock of the mountain county, the yeomen of Wyoming are wide awake. If you don't believe it just come and see. Here, amidst these lofty mountains, these fertile valleys, thrift, stir, development, meet one at every glance. Broad farms stretching quite up the mountain sides almost to the summits, fine fences in good order, new rails where old ones have given way, while land yet timbered is enclosed and the process of clearing, in many instances begun. Wide orchards of young fruit trees cover many hill-sides. Comfortable buildings, new or newly repaired, prove the owner's good circumstances. There is nothing of the "wild west" about Wyoming. All the glorious hill-sides for grapes and great vineyards these are, I think, as I ride along. Certainly these rich soil slopes would bear finer grapes and bigger bunches than the famous grape lands of Piedmont in Old Virginia. And the many cattle and horses I meet along the roadside or see feeding in the valleys—this is about equal to Greenbrier and Monroe. "We don't raise cattle," says Mr. Cook. "We can sell double and over what we raise, and this is just the very best of the country. It is better than ever you saw," he says. And I will say, if the sheep are as good as the mutton I've eaten here, he hit the nail right on the head. This will be one of the greatest fruit and stock countries of the State. Already the people are well to do. In a few years they will be rich.

Yesterday forenoon a train bearing two hundred Italian laborers, employed by the contractors of the Ohio River Railroad, arrived in the city from New York, via the Pan Handle road. The cars remained at the depot with the men aboard for some time, but in the afternoon they were taken aboard the steamboat *Diurnal*, lying at the wharf, where they spent the night. This morning they will be taken to Sistersville, where they will be put to work at once grading and preparing the road bed.

A tramp here up a large number of negro laborers from Virginia arrived at Monday Saturday, and the men will go to work in this vicinity to-day. A considerable amount of work has already been done. A rapid progress can be made at this work with a comparatively small force.

A reporter met one of the newly arrived laborers on the street yesterday. "He was dressed in a very picturesque and dandy costume, and carried a blue button handkerchief of immense size wrapped around some object, which, from the shape, might be garlic, but he would not say. He was evidently lost, and seemed to know but one word of English."

"Hello, Italian," said the reporter. "When did you get in, Garibaldini?" persisted the new granger.

"Garibaldi goes home—steamsboat," or "the boat," was the reply. The wanderer from sunny climes was finally steered into a fruit store kept by one of his own countrymen, where the two were left to their private conversation. The alleged national tongue of the *laz* prevailed.

"JULIUS CAESAR." To be performed by More Talent with Frank Hennig as Star.

For several weeks Mr. Frank Hennig, of this city, an actor with considerable experience, both as an amateur and professional, has been preparing for an evening performance of the presentation, by a cast composed of Wheeling amateurs, with himself as star, of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." The rehearsal has been going on for some time, and the performance will be given with careful attention to details of costume, scenery and stage effect.

The play will be taken by the following well known gentlemen and ladies: *Caesar*, really the star part, though not the title role, by Mr. Hennig; *Julius Caesar*, by Mr. Hennig; *Brutus*, by Mr. Hennig; *Antony*, by Mr. Hennig; *Octavius Caesar*, by Mr. Hennig; *Portia*, by Miss Rena House, and *Calpurnia*, by Miss Jennie Cassell.

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